

# What Does a Society Woman's Gown Cost?

Toilette worn by a society leader at a recent reception dissected by her modiste for to-morrow's

Sunday Post-Dispatch.

# ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

THE ONLY ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.  
CIRCULATION SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1898.

VOL. 49, NO. 152.

SATURDAY EVENING—ST. LOUIS—JANUARY 8, 1898.

PRICE, 10 Cts. In St. Louis, One Cent. Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

# A Parson Who Encourages His Parishioners to Dance.

Writes plays for their entertainment and manages balls for the young folk. His story only in the next

Sunday Post-Dispatch.

## FOUND DEAD AT "BAD LUCK GATE."

Mysterious Suicide of a Large, Well Dressed Man.

CORPSE HAD ON A CORK LEG.

DISCOVERED IN NORTH ST. LOUIS BEFORE DAYLIGHT BY WATCHMAN SHOTROW.

NO CLEW TO HIS IDENTITY.

Pistol Shot Was Heard at 4 O'Clock, and an Hour and a Half Later the Body Was Found With a Weapon by Its Side.

The third dead man at "Bad Luck Gate" was found at 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning by Paul Shotrow, night watchman for the C. F. Liebke Lumber Co. There was nothing in his clothing by which his identity could be ascertained. He was well dressed and as fine looking a specimen physically as one often sees. He had an artificial leg, of the latest and most improved pattern, and this will probably furnish the clew leading to an identification.

"Bad Luck Gate" has been given its forbidding sobriquet by reason of the fact that three men have met death by the side of the tall, substantial post on which the gate swings. The gate gives entrance to the coal yards of the Craft-Klein Co. at Broadway and Buchanan streets. The Wabash tracks, which run on North Second street at the western boundary of the yards, have a switch running into the coal yards, and when the switch is closed a large gate bars the entrance. A year ago a railroad man was chopped

## DROWNED A BABE IN THE RIVER.

Unknown Man Killed a Child Near St. Joseph.

CUT A HOLE IN THE ICE.

STIFLED THE LITTLE ONE'S CRIES WITH A SHAWL AND PUSHED IT INTO THE WATER.

TWO MEN SAW THE MURDER.

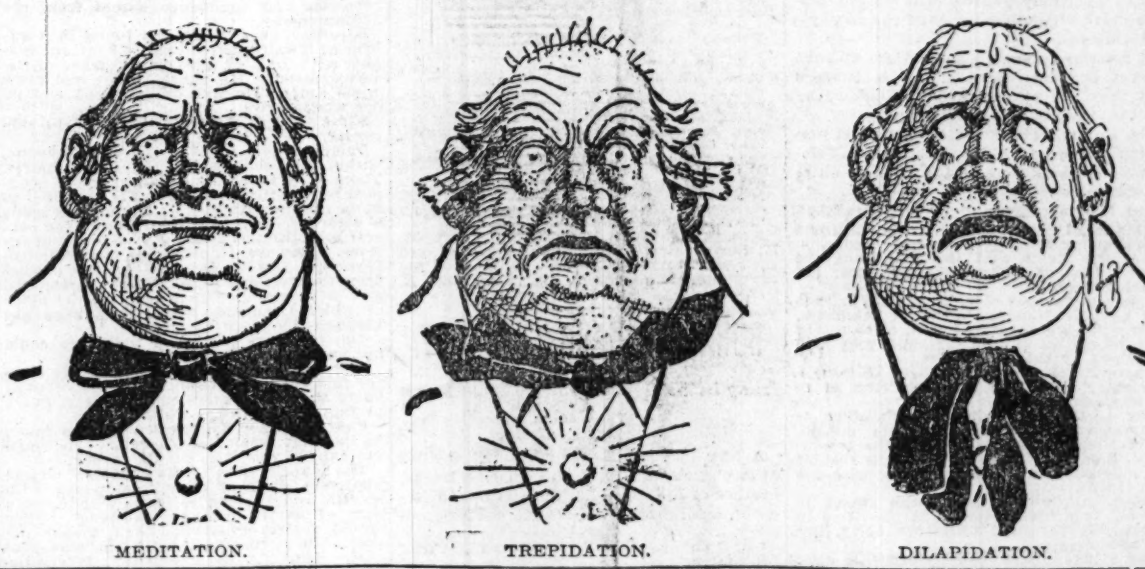
The Police Found a Shawl Near the Spot, and Believe They Are on the Trail of the Criminal.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 8.—James Smith, a young farmer living in the French bottoms, reported to the police to-day that he had seen an unknown man drown a baby in the river a mile north of the city. He had stopped on the railroad track to talk to a stranger, and they witnessed the tragedy together.

The unknown man cut a hole in the ice, and then picked up the baby. Just then the two men on the railroad track called to him, and he looked around. He saw them, but stooped and pushed the baby into the water, stifling its cries with a shawl, in which it was wrapped.

Smith and the other man went to the spot at once, but the swift current had carried it away. They then went in pursuit of the murderer, and Smith became separated from the other man. The stranger and the murderer have not been seen since. Smith reported to the police and they found the tracks and a fragment of the shawl as evidence that his statement is

## THE HANNA STORY UP TO DATE.



## SUICIDE FOLLOWS MURDER.

Iowa Man Killed Himself After Shooting His Divorced Wife.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 8.—Last night James R. McCownie of Bedford, a Justice of the Peace and prominent citizen, accompanied by the Mayor and two friends, went to the home of his divorced wife and asked her for the custody of their child, saying he had heard she intended to leave town. She started to leave the room and he grabbed her and sent a ball through her body. She fell dying to the floor and he escaped. This morning his body was found in a yard at Sheriff Long's residence with a bullet through his head.

## WAR IN AFRICA.

Battle Between Two Chiefs, With Heavy Loss Reported.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—A special dispatch from Cape Town says: Lerethodi, the paramount chief of Basutoland, has attacked Maosha with 15,000 men. Numbers are reported to have been killed and wounded on both sides, several villages have been sacked, the whole country is in a ferment and all traders are leaving.

## KHYBER PASS DESERTED.

The British Are Crowding the Natives in India.

SIMLA, Jan. 8.—Gen. Sir Bindon Blood has made a good beginning in punishing the Bunerwals for joining the Swatis in their attack on the Malakand Pass. Without serious resistance he has captured the Tanga and Peral Passes. The Afridis have deserted Khyber Pass.

## NO CIGARETTES THERE.

Roanoke, Ill., Starts an Anti-Cigarette Campaign.

EUREKA, Ill., Jan. 8.—The village of Roanoke, seven miles northeast of this city, has passed an ordinance prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes in any public place, with a heavy penalty for its violation. The ordinance also requires the payment of \$250 annually for the privilege of selling cigarettes.

## IT GOES BY ITSELF.

A Hannibal Shoemaker With a Perpetual Motion Machine.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. HANNIBAL, Mo., Jan. 8.—A perpetual motion machine will soon be turned out in Hannibal. The inventor is Robert G. J. Sandifer, a citizen of the West Side, whose trade is that of a shoemaker. The machine will be run, he says, without the aid of steam, water, springs or any mechanical power save its own momentum. The machine consists of three pieces, but the inventor positively refuses to give any particulars or exhibit his model until he has received a patent. He says: "I am confident that the machine will do all I claim and that when once put in motion will run until some of the bearings are worn out. The machine can be so arranged that they will run any kind of machinery, from a sewing machine to the largest sawmill. I have not yet devised any means of stopping the machine when once put in motion, but expect to have it completed in a very short time."

## RECORD BROKEN AGAIN.

Clearing House Figures Once More Eclipse Others.

The records of the St. Louis Clearing House Association were again broken Saturday night and Sunday; little change in temperature.

## THE WEATHER FORECAST.

FAIR—STATIONARY.

For St. Louis and vicinity—Generally fair Saturday night and Sunday; little change in temperature.

## POST-DISPATCH THERMOMETER.

7 a. m.	40	11 a. m.	41
8 a. m.	40	12 m.	42
9 a. m.	41	1 p. m.	43
10 a. m.	41		

## SAVED BY A BABY.

How a Kahoka, Mo., Land Title Was Perfected.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. KAHOKA, Mo., Jan. 8.—A little girl baby and her mother have come to the home of Charles T. Llewellyn, prosecuting attorney of Clark County, Mo. She has saved the family fortune.

The story is an odd one. The late Jacob Llewellyn of Kahoka bequeathed to his son Charles certain valuable lands in Missouri. He imposed one condition; that should the young man die without issue the lands were to revert to his brothers and sisters. But should he leave an heir the title was to be vested in him absolutely. In drawing the decree in partition, this provision was overlooked and the title was clouded. The matter was called to the attention of Judge McKee of the Circuit Court in the last April term. He held that he could not allow the decree to stand under the circumstances and it was set aside.

## THE OTHER WOMAN.

Ex-Mayor Magowan Decides to Stay With Her Now.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 8.—Ex-Mayor Magowan has again fooled his friends, and Mrs. Barnes-Magowan has demonstrated her absolute control over the one-time millionaire. At the eleventh hour last night, when the train was to carry the ex-Mayor to the Pocono Mountains was about to pull out of the station, Magowan suddenly changed his mind about returning to his first wife, and declared his intention of going at once to Mrs. Barnes-Magowan's room.

## A SWITCHMAN KILLED.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 8.—J. M. Daney, a switchman in the Iron Mountain yards, was run over and killed by an engine shortly before noon to-day. The coroner states that the lady's maiden name was Emma Montgomery, and that she first met her in Peon, Ia. He says he spent \$1,000 in entertaining during their courtship, and lost \$2,000 by neglect of his business, having come to Colorado to visit her.

## OHIO RIVER TOWBOAT BLOWN UP AND EIGHT LIVES LOST.

The Upper Part of the Steamer Was Broken to Bits and the Hull Sank in a Moment.

BODIES FLOATED DOWN THE STREAM.

Pilot Woods Was Blown High Into the Air and Killed—His Son and Captain Jones Badly Injured—Only Three Persons Escaped Unhurt.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 8.—The towboat Percy Kelsey, owned by W. H. Brown & Son of this city, blew up while going down the Ohio River near Glenfield, Pa., about 11 o'clock to-day and six or eight of the crew were killed and at least four of the others injured.

The boat was commanded by Capt. Leslie Jones of Shousetown, Pa., and the crew was made up of two pilots, two engineers, two mates, two firemen, a chambermaid, cook and the deck hands, in all about twelve persons.

The Kelsey left Pittsburg about 8 o'clock this morning, with a tow consisting of seven barges and two flats of coal, and everything was apparently all right till the explosion took place, when the boat was literally blown to pieces and the tow scattered and lost. The hull sunk almost immediately and the shattered portions of the upper works floated down the river and covered the water in the vicinity of the wreck.

The explosion was most terrific and was heard for miles. Hundreds of persons ran to the river upon hearing the noise and an awful sight met their gaze. Bodies were floating down the river and the debris was scattered far and wide, but no live person was seen. A few minutes later Capt. Jones and three others were picked up alive, but badly injured, and one body floated ashore near Neville Island.

The injured were removed to Capt. Gray's residence on Neville Island, where everything possible was done to alleviate their sufferings. It is believed the rest of the crew were killed, and parties are now searching for their bodies.

## KISSED AND MADE UP.

Postal Card to a Lawyer That Told of Happiness Following Misery.

In the waste basket of a law firm in the Union Trust Building are the fragments of a divorce petition that was never filed. In a pretentious eight-room residence, 4221 North Market street, happiness has supplanted desolation.

Henry N. Barkers and wife, who were estranged, are now reconciled. Three weeks ago the Post-Dispatch told the story of the Barkers' family. At that time Mrs. Barkers was at the home of her mother, Mrs. Collins, on North Thirtieth street. Barkers lived alone in his big house with a pet dog for company. The domestic strife was bitter and there appeared no hope of reconciliation. Attorneys Miller & Brewer had been retained by Barkers to bring suit for divorce.

But when Barkers and his wife and Mrs. Collins, the mother-in-law, read about themselves in the Post-Dispatch it set them to thinking. There was a conference and that conference resulted in a reconciliation.

A few days ago Attorneys Miller & Brewer received a postal card saying: "We have kissed and made up. I want that suit dismissed."

The postal bore the signature of H. N. Barkers.

## TEN CENTS A TON ADVANCE.

Demand to Be Made by Ohio Miners on Future Contracts.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 8.—The Ohio miners' convention to-day decided to ask for an advance of 10 cents per ton when the contract for next year is made.

## JUDGE M'KENNA'S CHANCES.

Judiciary Committee Will Pass on His Case Monday.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8.—The Senate Judiciary Committee will on Monday decide whether or not Attorney-General McKenna will be given a seat on the Supreme Court bench. All the charges against McKenna have been compiled and filed with the committee and Monday they will be passed on. Very few of the charges are personal. Most of them charge that McKenna is not broad enough to fill a place of the highest judicial tribunal. The protests of the American Protective Association are to be considered, but they may have little weight.

## A CRUEL WOMAN.

She Is Now Being Sued for Slighting a Druggist.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 8.—J. H. Gallagher, a druggist of Sheldon, Ia., has filed suit in the District Court here against Mrs. Andrew Sambo, asking \$15,000 for alleged breach of promise of marriage. The complaint states that the lady's maiden name was Emma Montgomery, and that she first met her in Peon, Ia. He says he spent \$1,000 in entertaining during their courtship, and lost \$2,000 by neglect of his business, having come to Colorado to visit her.



FINDING THE BODY AT "BAD LUCK GATE."

to pieces by a passing train at the gate, and six months before a switchman was run over and killed at a point not twenty-five feet away. The employees of the Liebke lumber yard, which adjoins the coal yard, dubbed the locality "Dead Man's Gate" when the second fatal accident occurred and it seems something more than a coincidence that a stranger should seek out the ill-starred spot from all other points in a great city like St. Louis, there to send a bullet into his brain.

North Second street, near the intersection of Buchanan street, is a gloomy neighborhood at any hour of the day and at 4 o'clock in the morning it is deserted save only for the occasional visits of a night watchman. The suicide must have known that he took no risk of being interrupted when he hit upon "Bad Luck Gate" as a place for his self-murder.

Mrs. Mary Heilmann of 3209 North Second street heard a pistol shot fired at 4 o'clock in the morning, but, thinking it was only a shot by some night watchman to frighten off a marauder in the lumber or coal yards, she paid no attention to the matter. Tom Hillmer of 4241 Blair avenue, a night watchman in the coal yards, also heard the same shot. He was in a remote part of the yard, and hearing no further shots, he likewise dismissed the circumstance as trivial.

When Paul Shotrow passed the gate at 5:30 o'clock on his way to his home at the foot of Buchanan street he stumbled across an obstacle, which caused him to strike a match and investigate. The obstacle felt like the body of a man, and when Shotrow glanced at it he saw a man's face faintly light of

## THE SAD FATE OF A ST. LOUIS POST-PRANDIAL ORATOR.

He is well known. Everybody has seen him. Post-Dispatch reporters have been busy for ten days recording events in which he and his mouth figured. He is always a ready talker, but he gets in his heaviest work during the holiday season or whenever there is a banquet to be given, at which verbosity is at a premium. After making the rounds of festivities he winds up in bed, "a sadder Budweiser man."



With joy he comes upon the scene. For of words he never lacks. And with delight he cannot screen, He puts the grocers on the rack.

Next night he tells the druggists all How much it cheers him to be there; With eloquence he fills the hall, While loud applause divides the air.

The iron workers claim him next. He makes an effort to enliven. He takes St. Louis for a text And jolies them extensively.

Next evening at the feastal board He makes an effort to enliven. With eloquence that he has stored, The retail men who handle shoes

But ah, enough is quite enough. And too much never a man can hold; Next night he's taking nauseous stuff, Shrink his head and cure a cold.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.























**FINANCIAL.**

**American Exchange Ban**  
**THIRD AND PINE STS.**

**SURPLUS, \$325,000.00**

**WALKER HILL, Pres't.**

**ALVAN MANSUR, Vice Pres't. A. L. BATTANLIE, Cash.**

No.	Description.	AT	Pr
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700; market active. Native beef steers, \$3.47.5; Western steers, \$3.60.4.30; Texas steers, 3.60; cows and heifers, \$3.23.80; canners, \$2.82.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.50.64.60; calves, \$4.40; hula, stags, etc., \$2.50.68.30. Hogs—Receipts, 6,500; market 5c higher; heavy, \$3.40.63.50; mid, \$3.40.63.45; light, \$3.50.63.58; bulk of sales, \$3.3.45. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000; market steady; to choice natives, \$3.70.64.40; do Westerns, \$3.40.63.50.

620 4.20: Common and stock sheep, \$493.80; lambs, \$493.50.

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High-	New York Central.....	110%	111%	110%
91-	Ont. & Western.....	169%	167%	167%
92-	Pacific Mtl.....	23%	21%	21%
93-	Phil. & Reading.....	20%	22%	23
94-	Per cent. of city.....	22%	24%	24%
95-	Pullman Palace Car.....	174%		
96-	Rock Island.....	91%	92	93%
97-	Rubber pld.....	64%		
98-	Southern Ry. com.....	9		
99-	do pld.....	32%	32%	32%
100-	St. L. & San F. com.....	7%	7%	7%

Jan.	do do 2d pfd.....	270	90	90
Jan.	St. Paul com.....	90	90	90
Jan.	do pfd.....	144		
	Sugar com.....	144	144	143
	do pfd.....	115		
18.	Ten. Coal & Iron.....	20	27	26
Cash		11	21	19

do 22	29%	30%	29%
Union Pacific	28%	29%	28%
U. S. Leather pfd	64%	65%	64%
Western U. T. Co	92%	93%	92%
Wabash com	74%	75%	74%
do pfd	18%	19%	18%

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**Money on Call.** \*

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Consols for money, 112 1/2; prime cotton paper 84 3/4; per cent. Sterling cert. steady, with actual business in bankers' bill at 8 5/16; for demand and at 8 1/2; for six months rates 4 3/8; 4 1/2; commercial bills 84. Silver certificates 37 1/2; per silver 37. Gold certificates 42 1/2; per gold 42 1/2; United States bonds 6m, new 47; do coupon 120; 44 1/2; do coupon 113 1/2; 2s 4s; per 114 1/2; do coupon 114 1/2; Pacific 3s at 105 1/4.

**British Consols.**

LONDON, Jan. 8.—Consols for money, 112 1/2; for the account, 112 1/2-1/4.





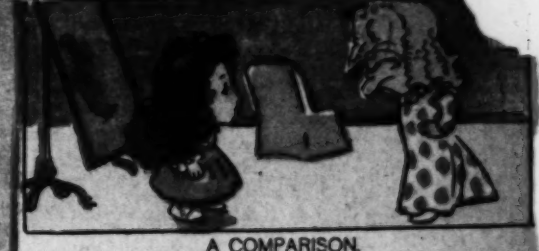




ACCOUNTED FOR  
FIRST THIEF—EVER SINCE BILL GOT PINCHED HE  
HASN'T HAD ANY HONOR ABOUT HIM.  
SECOND THIEF—DAT COMES FROM "ASSOCIATIN" WID  
DAT LAWYER OF HIS.

# ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

COMIC WEEKLY.



A COMPARISON.  
LITTLE ELSIE (before the mirror)—AUNTIE  
MISS ANN TECK—WHAT IS IT, DEAR?  
LITTLE ELSIE—GOD MAKES PEOPLE MUCH PRETTIER  
NOW THAN HE DID WHEN HE MADE YOU, DOESN'T HE?

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1898.—COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## MAKING A MONKEY OF JUSTICE.

THIS SILLY SIMIAN TAKES THE PLACE OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE PUBLIC EYE—THE DAILY PAPERS ARE CONTINUALLY TELLING OF TRIALS DELAYED, DECISIONS WITHHELD AND CONCLUSIONS NEVER REACHED.







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## IN TRAINING.



That a New York woman is going to fast for days. She's training to eat one of those fifty-cent chokes.

## SELF EVIDENT.



"Do you believe that there is marrying in y-Certainly not. Isn't it heaven?"

## A FIFTEEN-CENT STRAIGHT.



"Aren't you ashamed, my boy, to smoke my weed?"

## THE NEWEST FIND.

pale-haired young man at the desk wore an smile. He was reading the closely written of a manuscript which was soon to appear in his magazine. In a partly audible voice he said:

Into the night. Joy of the young man at the desk knew not. He would now show McClure and the other dialect editors a thing or two. The story he had just read was the first dialect story ever written.

## SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Reason why Frank Holland pummeled his honeyman has leaked out. He wears an enormous diamond on his shirt and he has had apprehension that it might be stolen. A few days ago he entered a office on Broadway, and putting down his diamond said to the man at the desk: "I want this insured." "That is not in our line of business," replied the clerk. "Where is this?" asked Holland, looking for the first time. "Bel" giggled the clerk, "this is the business of the Alaska Plate-Glass Insurance Company." Holland hunted up Phoneyman and related with him.

## A DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

Timeclock Bones, the great burglar detective, sat in his private office. He had mastered the theory of detection and the practice of burglary, and numbered his clients from the ranks of each.

A well-dressed man entered the room. "Take a chair," said Timeclock Bones. "I think we have met before."

"Yes," said the visitor. "I recognized you last Friday night when you robbed my house."

"I know what you want with me," said Timeclock Bones, with a smile. "You have put the case in the hands of a detective—exclusively—and you have lost track of the detective. You want me to find him for you. Am I right?"

"Yes," said the visitor. "But how did you know?"

"Oh, I have many such cases," replied Timeclock Bones. "This detective is eating you up with expense money, and you want me to locate him for you so you can call him off my trail."

"Exactly. If I don't I will be ruined."

"I will take the case and guarantee to put you in communication with him for \$100."

"Very well. Now take this chair and let us proceed. It is really very simple to a man who can reason. First of all we must find a clue. A detective in unravelling a crime seeks first for a motive. In detecting a detective I always begin with a clue. Now, it was about 12 o'clock, I believe, when I broke into your house?"

"A few minutes past," said the citizen.

"I haven't my memorandum book at hand. What was it I secured? Plate, wasn't it, and a couple of gold watches?"

"And two dozen solid silver spoons."

"Yes, I remember now. Thanks. Now give me all the particulars of your interview with the detective in the morning."

The visitor complied, giving the burglar all the information he could concerning the missing detective. While he was speaking Timeclock Bones performed several pieces upon a bicycle gong. After his client had finished the great burglar fell into a deep train of thought, which only the presence of the visitor prevented him from holding up and robbing.

After some two hours Timeclock Bones suddenly said:

"What is the name of your young lady typewriter?"

The visitor informed him. The burglar consulted a book that lay on his table.

"Now," he said, "you will find your detective in a store immediately across from No. 1887 West Seventy-ninth street at 8 o'clock in the morning."

"May I ask how you arrived at this conclusion?"

"Certainly. It is very simple. The detective came to your office to see you about this matter. You gave him my description. I am a tall, dark man, with very black hair. I see, fastened upon the second button of your vest, a couple of long, very blond hairs. From their position what do I infer? You have a young lady typewriter in your office who is very short, light haired and fair. If your house had been robbed by a Patagonian seven feet high, with his right thumb missing and bow legs, the detective would have started at once for the arctic regions to find a knock-kneed Norwegian dwarf with six fingers on his right hand. Now, the detective had reason to believe that the crime was committed by a tall, dark man, with black hair. Then whom should he naturally suspect? Why, the first short, fair woman with light hair that he saw, of course. Your typewriter answered this description, but, according to my theory, you don't give the detective a chance to interview the young lady he suspects. I see from the city directory that she lives on a street you traverse in going home. You always walk that far with her in the evening, and when you come down in the morning she always happens to come out the gate just as you pass, and you walk downtown together. Am I right?"

"Well, yes, I—"

"I thought so. In the morning you will find the detective in the store across the street, as I said, where he has been concealing himself every day for a month with the hope of getting a chance at the young lady whom he suspects."

Timeclock Bones never made a mistake. The visitor drew out a roll of money and paid the \$150.

"Now," continued the great burglar-detective, "understand that this interview is confidential. Those little trinkets that I abstracted?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the visitor. "That's a small matter. What I want is to get this detective choked off."

As the visitor departed the merry chimes of Timeclock Bones' bicycle bell echoed down the stairway as the greatest modern detective-detective continued his musical recreations.

## THE STORM UP TO DATE



A NEW TOUCH ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

## Hospital Preparations.

"Maria," said Mr. Despard to his wife as he pulled off his overcoat upon getting home for dinner, "just step into the parlor, will you, and damper off the stove so as it will sulphur like fury."

"Why, John?" exclaimed Mrs. Despard.

"And while you're there," continued Mr. Despard, "you might as well turn up the lamp so as to fill the room with its smoke. Are both of them lighted?"

"Ye-es," replied his wife, regarding him anxiously and unobtrusively edging beyond the reach of any overt act of insanity.

"Oh, that's all right," said the visitor. "That's a small matter. What I want is to get this detective choked off."

As the visitor departed the merry chimes of Timeclock Bones' bicycle bell echoed down the stairway as the greatest modern detective-detective continued his musical recreations.

"But, John!" began Mrs. Despard piteously. "And say, Maria," calmly continued her husband, ignoring her appeal, "tell the nurse to bring the children out to the head of the front stairs at 10 o'clock sharp and pinch them all around until they yell like demons. And—and—well, I guess that's all I can do."

"But what on earth are you doing?" demanded Mrs. Despard. "Trying to drive us all out of the house?"

"You do as I say, Maria," insisted her lord and master, "and we'll fix him this fluster, sure."

"Fix whom? What does this mean?" demanded Mrs. Despard fiercely.

"Well, then, turn down the other one low so it will smell of kerosene like sixty," continued Mr. Despard quietly. "And here's a package of the very worst tobacco I could buy. Tell the cook to put it in a pan with some live coals and put it in the parlor, too."

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## STARBOARDER'S DILEMMA

Mrs. Vanderkicker is a widow who keeps a boarding-house in Harlem. She is likewise the mother of a daughter, Araminta, or "Minty," as she is more generally called by her friends. She is a very nice girl. Mr. Starboarder evidently thought so, for he engaged himself to "Minty," and for several months they were as loverlike as it was possible for engaged people to be; but of late a change has come over the spirit of his dream. He no longer talks of marriage, although he is financially well fixed. At first "Minty's" mother was disposed to be lenient and give the evasive youth a chance to return to his true love of his own accord, but when she learned that he had been seen at the theatre with another young lady Mrs. Vanderkicker sent her "suaviter in modo" to the rear and brought her "fortiter in res" to the front. She inveigled him into the parlor and locked the door, and then, with a Richard III. smile, asked him to fix a day for the wedding.

Mr. Starboarder squirmed around on his chair, coughed nervously and pleaded financial inability.

"The fact is," he said, with an artificial giggle, "I am financially busted. If steamboats were selling at a cent apiece I couldn't buy a gangway plank—ha! ha!"

"That need not delay the wedding, Mr. Starboarder. You shall never suffer hunger as long as I keep a boarding-house. I will be a mother to you."

He was tempted to say that he had one mother already, but there was something in her look that warned him this was no time for flippancy, so he tried another tack. With quivering chin and voice husky with emotion he said:

"It was wrong in me not to tell you about it before, but the truth is I am not worthy of 'Minty.' One of my uncles is a fugitive from justice in Canada, and one of my sisters is living with a fifth husband."

Mrs. Vanderkicker replied with composure: "My dear sir, I have long suspected as much, and I dare say your own record would not bear investigation; but I will overlook your low family for 'Minty's' sake. Besides, what your family lacks in respectability mine can furnish. I myself belong to an old Knickerbocker family, and my brother will be appointed to a high position by the new Mayor of Greater New York."

"But," whined Starboarder, as the perspiration boiled out of his forehead, "I am an invalid. One of my lungs is entirely gone, and my doctor tells me I've not got six months to live."

"All the more reason that the wedding take place at once, for it will be impossible for 'Minty' to give you the attention you will need unless she is your wife."

Starboarder was the picture of despair. He sighed heavily, for he realized that he had exhausted his ammunition without scoring a point.

"There are other good reasons why you should marry," continued "Minty's" mother with emphasis.

"What—what—are they?" stammered the youth, very much excited.

"If you do not marry her at once she will sue you for \$10,000 damages in a breach-of-promise suit, and 109 idiotic love letters written by you will be read in open court and published in the daily papers. That's not all. 'Minty's' brother, who is a cowboy on a ranch in Texas, will come on to New York, and the least he will do to you will be horsewhip you from Harlem River to the Battery."

The subsequent proceedings may be inferred without much strain on the imagination, as the cards for the wedding are out.

ALEX. SWEET.

## SLUR ON THE PRESS.

Mrs. Murray Hill was reading about a runaway accident. Mr. Murray Hill, who was listening attentively, said:

"That's blamed nonsense."

"What is nonsense?"

"Read that last line over again."

She, reading: "The horse ran furiously on the walk."

"Just so. If he ran at all, how could he be on the walk? It is strange that these reporters and managing editors can't keep sober while they are on duty."

ALEX. RICKETTES.

## SORER THAN DYNAMITE.



"I read in a paper that there were no trolley cars in St. Petersburg. I wonder why that is the case? It is quite a large city."

"The Nihilists have been the only ones demanding them."

## THE SUREST ROAD TO WEALTH.



Jack de Centless—How on earth is a fellow to get rich nowadays? By hanging on to every cent he owns, I suppose!

Miss Billionsby—There's a better way than that.

J. de C.—What?

Miss B.—By hanging on to every cent he doesn't own.

## NO INSTRUCTIONS NEEDED.



His Wife—Why don't you go to the doctor and find out just what you ought to eat and what you ought to avoid?

Dyspeptic—Oh, I know all that now. I ought to eat everything I don't like and avoid everything I do.

## HE TOOK PRECAUTIONS.

"Dearly beloved," said the Rev. Dr. Thirdly last Sunday before he began his sermon, "I want to make a few remarks by way of introduction, to prevent any possibility of accusation of plagiarism from the deadly parallel column fend or the shorthand writers who may be present. I want emphatically to state at the outset that, while I may quote freely during my discourse from the Psalms of David, I did not write 'em. Neither am I the author of 'Beautiful Snow,' 'Carlew Must Not Ring To-Night,' nor 'Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?' While I may quote from Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' I am not the author of either of them. As I never wrote a line of poetry in my life, any poetical quotations I may use are very likely not to be original. But in order to take every precaution, and so there may be no misunderstanding, I shall lift two fingers, in this manner, when I make a quotation, and at the same time Deacon Brown, who is stationed in the gallery, will strike two blows upon a gong. All shorthand reporters who may be present are kindly requested to take notice."

## RECOGNIZED BY THE DESCRIPTION.

Algernon—I am engaged to the sweetest girl on earth. I don't see what I've done for before I met her.

Reginald (aggressively)—You mean, what have you been doing?

Algernon—Getting engaged to the sweetest girl on earth. I don't see what I've done for before I met her.

Reginald (decisively)—Let up on that. And if I ever hear of you speaking to that girl again there's just one way for me to settle the matter.

Algernon (surprised)—Why, what for? She's the dearest, sweetest girl in the world.

Reginald (wildly)—Yes, you account all! But that's the very girl I'm engaged to myself!

## Chapter VII.—Verses by R. K. Munkittrick.—THE NIGHTMARE OF THE CAPTAIN KIDD KIDS.—(To Be Continued Next Week.)



Though the cockpit screamed, they dreamed and dreamed, And they tot, and tot, and tot; On the wild waves that filled each breast, Was the beauty's nightmare out. For on dragon's grin did they dive and swim, On a flame-bellied ocean sea.

A great baboon with a hot-spiced spoon Flared a tune of despair on Jack. And with two long hair drove (spongy nails) Into Nell's driving Bill with a blow. And Wash Shing spoke with a wild grimace Through the clinch-wringer west with a whack.

Wah Ming was as fat as a pasture cat When he fell on the velvet sword. Then Bill came along with a merry song And picked him up like a board. And nailed him with glue to a tall white pine, While Gussie and Harry roared.

It was then and there that Howie by a bear Was locked to a dancing chain— The bear played an organ from door to door And Howie danced and acted for gain. And gathered the seed to make the bear glad. Though he yanked him with might and main.

Then Reginald woke in a cold, cold sweat, And shouted with teeth set. "Look out for the sea with the pointed heads! Ere they set with the cream light, Like an angry cask when the gold disappears In the vault of the moonlight night!"

Then they leaped for the barrels from nightmare's realm. And they curled in before the rain. On the deck of the ship with a slippery slip— Oh, they curled in before the rain. While the angry shape of the great gray ape Pointed out to the somewhere sea.

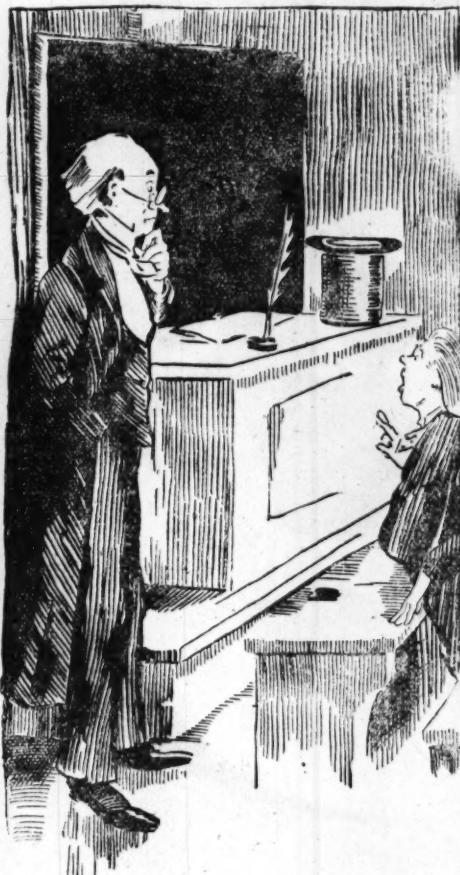


# JOKES FROM THE GERMAN

THE LITTLE RAINMAKERS.



HE WAS A BROTHER.



HER LINE OF VISION.



INSPIRATION FROM CATS.

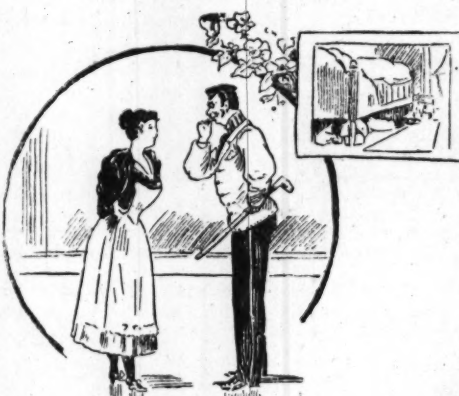


A modern composer of nature's music at work.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.



POOR FELLOW!



"Are you stupid, Max?"  
"Frightfully. Just think of it, last night I was in my room and didn't even have time to go to bed!"

CUPID AS MAMMON.



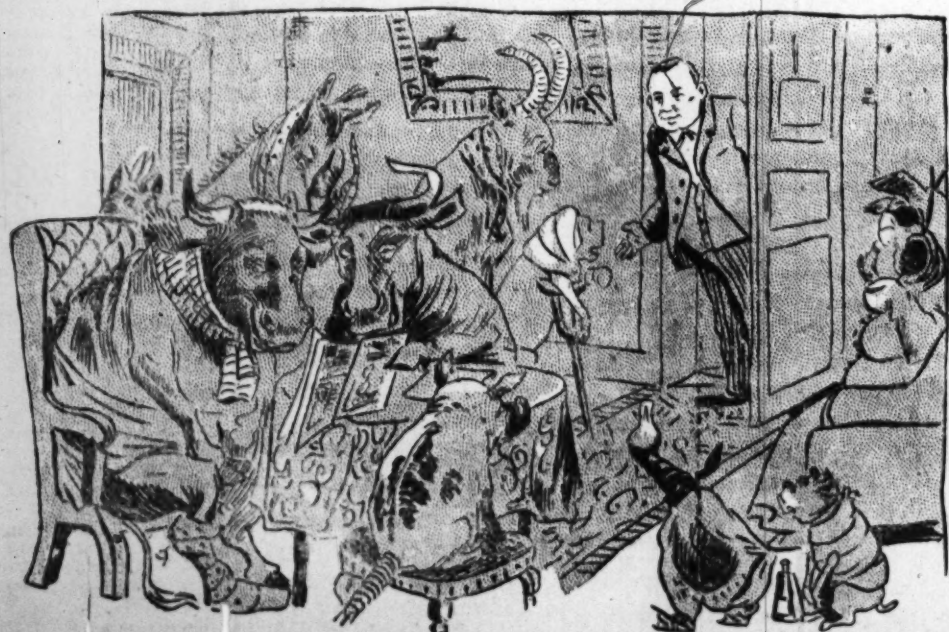
"What, you've got two sweethearts?"  
"Yes, mum; with such a small salary it's the best I can do."

OUTRAGEOUS.



Police—Your weights are not heavy enough. We will take them with us, and you also.  
Market Woman—What, me too! Now, nobody kin say that I haven't got the full weight.

AN ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.



Having just returned to town, after an absence of two months, I can be seen at my office from 10 to 12 A. M. daily.  
DR. BOVINE, Veterinarian.

HARMONY IN GASTRONOMY.



Walter—Where shall I cover for you, sir?  
Poet—Under a laurel tree.

FICTION AND FACT.



Actor (rehearsing in his room)—Come on, blood-thirsty bandits! Neither do I care if there be forty of 'em out here with his bill you—  
Landlady (opening door)—Mr. Liver, the tailor is wait-

SELF-DISCOVERED.



Student (very drunk at early morn after a hard night of it)—First I went to college, then I took a little stroll, then I went to the club and drank beer, and from there I went to the Rathskeller; that's as far as I can remember—ergo, consequently I must find myself in the Rathskeller.

INNOCENT.



Judge—The officer found you hiding in a barrel in a cellar. You certainly could not of had any honest intentions in view.  
Crook—The barrel was empty, Your Honor.

NOLLIFIED.



Rich Uncle (to the son of his nephew, who brings him a birthday present)—So, my child, I thank you. What did your papa say?  
"That old donkey we almost forgot this year!"

NOT INTERCHANGEABLE.



"Here's hard lines. I wrote the old gent for such and such books, and here, by jove, the books instead of the money."

READY FOR THE ASYLUM.



He—Miss Jessie, how beautiful your hair is in that style.  
She (coyly)—Well, I must admit my point.

LIGHT ON A NARROW WAY.



Mr. Suburb is so fat tha' he puts a carriage lamp on each side instead of a lantern when he goes home at night.

THE CENTAUR'S CIRCUS.





SLABS OF SAUSAGE FUN.

WE HOPE THE JOKES ARE NOT CUT TOO THICK FOR YOU.

FORCE OF HABIT

She was a saleslady in a large department store, and while taking a walk by herself out in the woods near Fort George was confronted by a tramp with a pistol.

"Here, hand over your watch and your pocket-book!"

"Nothing else to-day?" she asked with a pleasant smile.

"Be quick about it," he growled.

"Will you take them with you, or shall I send them C. O. D.?" she inquired with a stammer.

WHERE IT BELONGED.

"Can't you put your foot where it belongs?" snapped the frate little man.

"If I'd put my foot where it belongs," answered the big fellow, "your back would be sore for a month."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" queried the frate man, threateningly. "What do you mean by that? Tell me, sir!"

"Fiddlesticks!" was the rejoinder. "Don't let your tongue run away, or your jaw might collide with my fist."

"You're a bully, sir! A blustering bully I could kick you out of this car in about two winks of a bull's eye!"

"Of course you could if you were three times bigger than you are."

"Eh? What's that? What's that? I've a great mind to—"

The frate gentleman's sentence was cut short by the interference of a somewhat hard-featured lady who, leaving her seat in the further end of the car, walked to where the frate individual was sitting, where she came to a sudden stop.

"Alexander," she said in a deep, stentorian voice, "I sat at the other end of the car and overheard your exchange of pleasantries with this gentleman."

"My dear"—stammered Alexander.

"Alexander," she continued, "I'm sorry he didn't wipe the floor with you!"

"My dear"—

"Alexander, you'll come home with me now."

"My—"

"Alexander, do you hear what I'm saying? Stop the car, conductor. Alexander, come!"

And the last thing the smiling passengers heard as the little man shambled out after her was:

"M-my d-d-dear!"

HE WAS KIND.

Said the poet, Tom Pegasus, to his friend, Mr. Manygins:

"I am in awful hard luck. I haven't sold a poem in the last three months. Can't you lend me a helping hand?"

"The truth is, Pegasus, I'm pretty much that way myself. You see I have a large family, including four marriageable daughters, on my hands. You know that's a great burden."

"Yes, you have my sympathies. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will board us I'll marry one of them and take her off your hands—if it has to be," replied the sympathetic son of the Muse.

THE NEW GIRL.

The typewriter girl is never discouraged. On answering an ad. the principal of the establishment said to her:

"I am very sorry, Miss, but you came too late. I have already engaged a young man stenographer."

"Well, introduce me to him. Perhaps I can marry him, and then I can take his place," was the prompt response.

A LULLABY

How sweet it is when night is come  
And tired eyes long to close,  
To seek—(This folding-bed is "sum")  
It's stuck fast, I suppose.

To seek one's downy couch, and rest  
One's weary, worn-out limbs,  
To dream—(Ugh! ugh! plague on this pest)  
The bed must have the "firm."

To dream of some one's pretty head,  
And quite forget the town,  
While drows—(The devil take the bed!)  
The old thing won't come.

While drowsiness steals up,  
About one's brain a thin,  
And dim—(Ker-sip! Slam!)  
It's down! But I have but my shin!

And flimsy veil of gauze, and—  
(Zir-r-r! Plunk! Bang! I declare—)  
That bed has folded up again!  
Excuse me while I swear!

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

SUCH A SURPRISE.

"Mamma, dear," said Miss Daisy Getthere to her mother the other evening, "if Mr. Steadycaller should come in this evening be sure and see that we have the parlor all to ourselves and that we are not disturbed by any one. I am morally sure that he is going to propose the next time he comes."

"My dear child!" said Daisy's mamma, with much feeling.

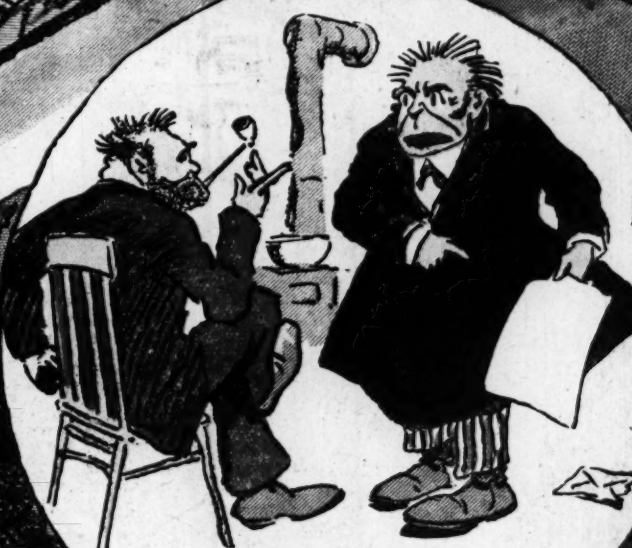
"Yes, I know from his actions and from the tone of his notes that he means business and I can't do better than to take him."

"No, dear; I'm sure not."

And when he did propose Daisy said:

"Oh, Mr. Steadycaller, you must give me a little time to think! This is so sudden, so entirely unexpected! I had no idea that your regard for me was other than that of friendship, and I—oh, it is all so unexpected that I—I—don't know what to say! If I had had any idea that your intentions were serious, I—I—oh, what shall I say?"

She said "yes," to be sure, and Mr. Steadycaller thinks to this hour that he took her "completely by surprise."



HIS METHOD.

"I never received such an insolent letter in my life. That would yes do about it, Pat, at all, at all!"

Pat—Shure, O'd return it unopened!



SHE COULDN'T.

Penelope—Chorty fell through the ice yesterday. Marie—Indeed! Then the ice can't bear him, either.



IN A BAD FIX.

To the minister who tendered him spiritual consolation the doomed man replied: "I've got nothing to say. I am entirely in the hands of my lawyer."

"In that case I'll pray for your deliverance from the evil one, with uplifted eyes and hands."



AN AWFUL DISCLOSURE.

"Your future," said the trance medium, "is clear. I see you going over a wide, unsettled expanse of country. You walk, walk, walk for days at a time."

"An explorer! God be praised!"

"No, young man," replied the fair dealer in futures. "You will be an actor."



WHEN IT IS HEARD.

"Didn't you ever hear a still, small voice speaking to you?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Yesum," said Oscar.

"What did it mean?"

"It meant that the wires were crossed."



HE WAS EXPECT.

Mrs. Cawker—I read to-day of a blind man who can distinguish colors by touch.

Mr. Cawker—I can distinguish one color in that way myself.

"Nonsense."

"Yes, I can. I can tell when I feel blue."



THE WRONG INTERPRET.

Gabbleton (wraithfully)—He called me a dirty liar!

Grimshaw—He was wrong; you are not particularly dirty.



ONE DEFECT WOULD SUFFICE.

Gobang—Don't you often wish that your wife were deaf and dumb?

Ukerdek—Well, I can't see much advantage in having a deaf wife.



ANUARY 9, 1898.

GRAB,  
THIS IS THE AGE OF GRAB.

YOU SEE ANYTHING, GRAB IT.  
PIE, AND EVERYBODY'S FIST GETS AROUND EVERYTHING THAT COMES NEAR.





THE TACKS, THE TAND.



At break of day they rode away—  
The morning breezes fanned 'em—  
As fair a looking pair, were they  
As ever sat a tandem.



The night before of tacks galore  
She'd sprinkled on the highway,  
Just where they'd often turned before  
Into a quiet by-way.



Chagrined, she leaned against a stump,  
And there forlornly waited,  
While he, poor chump, did pump and pump  
To get the tires inflated.

HE SYMPATHIZED.



HE man of business was hurriedly running his pen over the paper when she entered, and he did not look up. She approached the desk and laid her hand on his arm. He continued writing. She spoke, hoarsely and rapidly:

she said, "I was once wealthy. Slowly my fortune has ebbed away. My little vested in P., G. and O. stock, which is fairly, To you I come for advice. Ruin is in the air."

an of business glanced up. The features at his eyes were more horrible than a

mince-pie nightmare. She was so homely that it was necessary for her to go heavily veiled in order to prevent riots. The business man turned from the awful sight with a shudder.

"Well," he said, "Ruin has my sincere sympathy."

AN IMPERIAL JOKE.

"That mouse seems to have a sort of harem-scarem way about it," observed the Sultan, with a sudden flash of inspiration, as a tiny, two-inch specimen of the mouse family scooted across the palace floor, accompanied by a swish of female drapery and a chorus of high C shrieks from several hundred excited women who were all endeavoring to clamber on the state ... an at once; and then the Imperial humorist fell off the throne and rolled across the well-carpeted floor in convulsions of merriment at his own wit, which was almost as much of a surprise to himself as it was to the rest of the faithful.

HE WON HIS CASE.

"So you want a divorce on the grounds of cruelty?" asked the great lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff, a man with a ruby nose and a sad eye.

"What sort of cruelty was it?"

"Well, sir, for three consecutive nights my wife took the door mat in."

"Took the door mat in?" cried the lawyer, thinking the other was trying to jest with him. "How can you consider that cruelty?"

"Well, you see, Monday night was lodge night, Tuesday night was a smoker at the Cocktail Club and Wednesday the Elks' annual blow-out. I got home each morning at 4 o'clock to find the door locked and the mat taken in."

"But where does the cruelty come in?" asked the perplexed lawyer.

"Where does it come in? Why, didn't I have to sleep on the bare stoop without anything to rest my weary head on?"

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.



ALL persons knowing themselves to be indebted to this office are hereby requested to call and settle. All those indebted to this office and not knowing it are requested to call and find out. All those who are indebted and do not wish to call are requested to stay in one place long enough for us to catch them. All those who are not indebted are politely requested to call and become indebted.

Away back in our journalistic career in another locality a subscriber died in great agony and left seven years' back subscription unpaid. Remembering that during all his years of delinquency he

had never so much as laid a pumpkin on our table or left a jug of cider to sooth our weary waiting, but had taken the Clarion regularly from the post-office as if vested with riparian rights, and never paid us a single solitary dime—remembering our wrongs, we seized our pen in a firm hand and dashed off an obituary in the course of which we asserted that the deceased had gone to his "last roasting place." Our readers thought a typographical error had been made, and we heard nothing from it. But we deliberately wrote it "roasting," all the same.

Then, later, we appeared at the grave, with a cocked revolver in our coat pocket, and just before the lid was screwed on for the last time put into the coffin a linen duster, a thermometer, a palm-leaf fan, a formula for making ice-cream, a clipping describing the awful rigors of an arctic winter, and an unrecipited bill for seven years' subscription.

The moral of this reminiscence should be obvious to all, and we trust that certain of our subscribers who are now sadly in arrears will take it unto themselves and act upon it before 'tis everlastingly too late. Now is always the accepted time.

SURE OF A JOB.

First Tramp—Youse ought to apply to the new Mayor for a job.

Second Tramp—G'wan! What you givin' me?

"Youse is a Democrat."

"Sure."

"Then youse is as good as got a job, for he says he is only goin' ter put tried Democrats into office, and youse has been tried more times than youse has fingers and toes."

PERHAPS.

"Paw," said Oscar, looking up from his paper, "what is a revenue cutter?"

"Hard times, son," said his paw.

Note—Had his paw been clever he would have sold that remark instead of letting it escape.

JOKES SPUN AND PATCHED ON AN OLD SAIL BY AN OLD SALT.



WOULD BE OUT OF SIGHT.  
"You think the free coinage of silver would drive gold out of circulation?"  
"Of course. Gold would disappear like a collar-button when you are in a hurry."

HE HAD BEEN LED TO BELIEVE SO.  
Sunday School Teacher—What is the Church Militant?  
Pupil—Um—I think it's the choir.



HIS DAY OF REST.

"Mr. Starboarder, will you kindly carve the fowl?" asked the landlady last Sunday at dinner.  
"You will have to excuse me, madame, for I am a church member, and must refrain from hard work on the Lord's day."



A PARALYZING SUPPORTION.

Cholly—My family used to be a very proud one!  
Perdita—That was before you were born, I suppose?



THE POWERS OF THE FUTURE.

Salutation—If this annexing and land-grabbing keeps on, the maps of the future will show some strange departures from those of the present.  
Slumberon—Yes, all there will be in the world will be Russia, England, New York and Chicago.



HE KNEW HIM.

"You know Mr. Grave, the undertaker, of this place, I suppose?" said the commercial traveller to the proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel.  
"Yes, I've had business with him," was the reply.  
"He undertook my two wires when they died."



HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

"Marriage is a lottery," remarked Mr. Longest to a young friend.  
"Then, if it is a game of chance, there ought to be some penalty attached to it," there ought to be some penalty attached to it."



# CARTOONS, CARTOONS, CARTOONS--ABOUT THE WORLD, ON THE WORLD, IN The World.

## KNOW

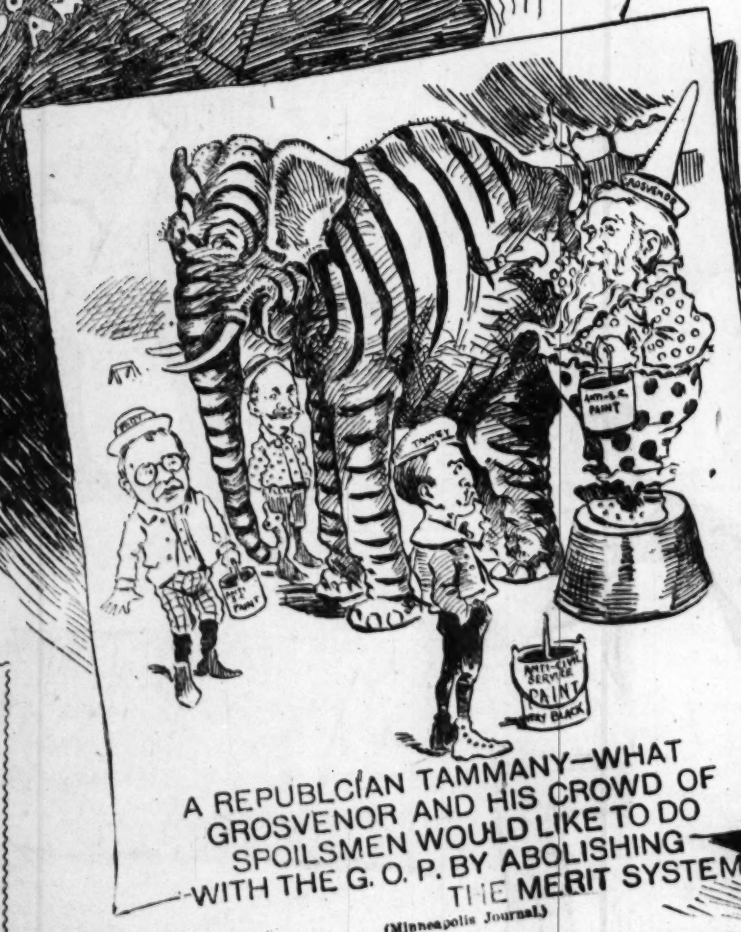
manifestation of spirit as she said:  
"Hanged if you do anything of the sort, Hod Jenkins! I think I see you throwin' away 14 cents for a pair of galuses when I kin make you a pair of good stout muslin ones for nothing, or ravel up an old stocking and knit a pair good enough for anybody! It's a blessed thing that I carry the pocket-book in this fam'ly, or the Lord only knows what'd become of us! You wanted to waste a nickel for some nasty, unhealthy peanuts back there, and if I hadn't had the money in my own keepin' you'd a fooled away 10 cents for some bananas a few minutes ago, and you've pestered me to let you git a seegar ever sence we got to town, and I tell you flat-footed that you shan't do it! I'll let you know how you'll waste money like that! As for squandering 14 cents for a pair o' galuses, you'll never do it while I'm on top of the earth, and I don't want to hear a word out of you about it!"  
And as they moved away from the window she said:  
"You needn't go to preachin' about it, Hod Jenkins. I should think you'd been married to me long enough to know that you might as well try to make water run up hill as to try to budge me when I've once said a thing!"

The woman walking by his side was about 4 feet 10, and she weighed about eighty pounds. Her attitude was one of complete self-abnegation, and the ordinary observer's sympathy would have at once gone out to her simply because she was the wife of such a domineering brute as her husband evidently was.  
They stopped before a shop window, and the man said in the basest of bass voices:  
"I believe I'll go in an' git me a pair o' them s'penders, 'rildy. I see they're marked down from 49 to 14 cents. Hanged if I don't b'lieve I'll git a pair!"  
The sad look of self-surrender on the little woman's face gave place to an unexpected



## AN OUTRAGE

Soiled Spooner—Have you heard about old Slob? De poor feller is as nutty as a fool!  
Seldum Fedd—How did it happen?  
Soiled Spooner—Why, he went to a farmhouse an' asked de lady if her husband was at home, an' when she replied dat de head of de family had gone to town for all day, Slob told her to get out steak an' mince pie an' a cupper coffee, an' be mighty quick about it, or he'd tear de whole side of de house out. Sure enough her husband was gone, but her two grown sons an' a big, husky brother was dere, an' dey grabbel our poor comrade by de scurf of de neck, kicked him for a spell, an' den set him to turnin' de grindstone while dey sharpened all de axes work of dat kind to he grinds his teeth gits out an' turns w mersets, jest to kee practice. It's de best, best case I ever he of, but I don't rec he'll live to suffer death is bound soon put an end to misery.



## HIS QUESTIONS

"Is this your verdict, gentlemen of the jury?" asked an Ar-kansaw Judge, addressing the twelve Judge's inquiry. "be-peers, one of whom I say whether this had his head clumsily yere verdict is mine or bound up in his pocket not I want to ask Yore Honor a question or et handkerchief Honor a question or looked as if he might two. I don't know have recently passed mus about law and I through an exciting wa to be shore I'm dura

## WORSE & WORSE

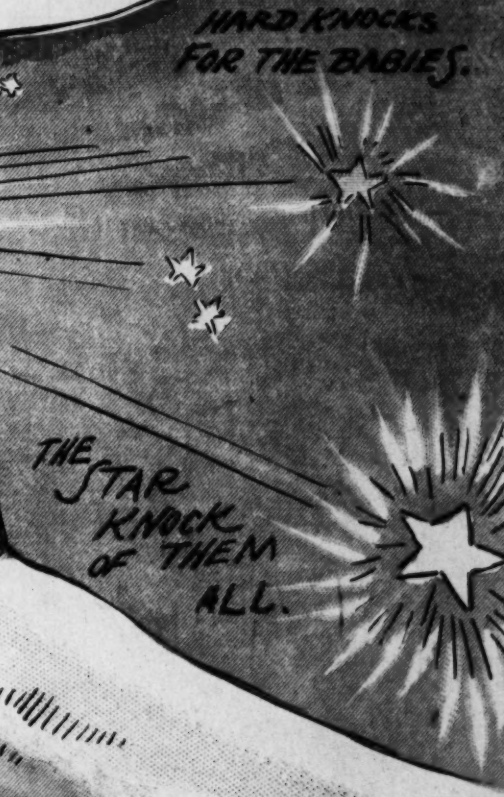
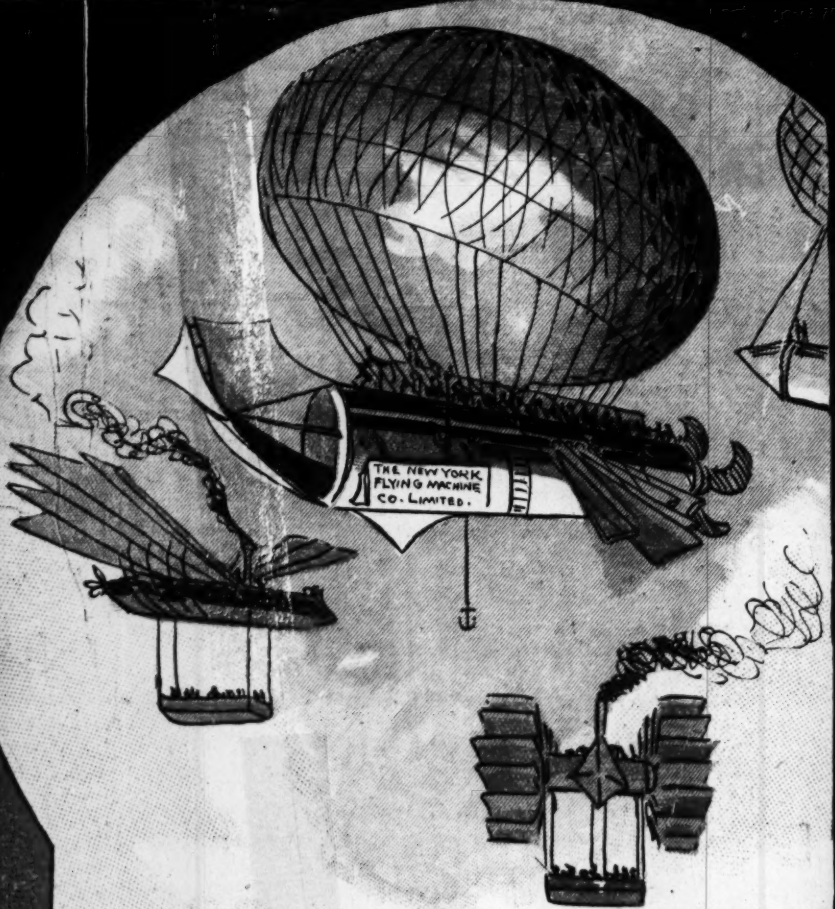
A St. Louis lady who had been out shopping said reproachfully to her daughter:  
"Jennie, I am told Mr. A Table was here the whole afternoon while I was away."  
"Yes, mamma."  
"Haven't I forbidden you, time and again, to be ak re in the parlor with gentlemen?"  
"Well, I was alone in the parlor with gentlemen. Th was only one gen



Comics Told by Colors  
For the first time in the  
history of nations and col-  
ored supplements. . . .

# KNOCKED OH, MY EYE! BLACK AND BLUE!

Comics Told by  
For the first time in the  
history of nations and col-  
ored supplements. . . .







# THE WOMAN'S WORLD

\*\*\* A POSE FROM ALMA TADEMA'S "A ROMAN HOLIDAY," BY MISS ALICE FREEMAN \*\*\*

(Photo by Eddowes Bros., 26 West Twenty-third street, New York.)



SOME CONSPICUOUS NOVELTIES IN MIDWINTER PARISIAN LINGERIE.

HANGS BY HER  
HEEL IN MID-AIR.

on, Trapeze Artist, Per-  
s Before the Sunday  
World's Camera.

S A LIFE OF DANGER.

are many young women who can fly  
space clinging to a trapeze, but there are  
to can suspend themselves in dangerous  
positions long enough to be photographed.  
the little trapeze artist, has accomplished  
feat, and has given a series of interesting  
the Sunday World.

rom one's toes is quite an every-day af-  
air, and one heel at that, on  
ving trapeze is quite another story. Ex-  
Charmon's shoe proves conclusively that  
e of the devices that many performers  
eel to aid in getting a firm grip. She hangs  
itself, and the act is a most noteworthy

roller" act is the hardest and most trying  
erial artists. It is almost impossible to  
it, as the body is in constant motion. The  
ted around the arm as the performer sus-  
f by one hand. The body rotates until the  
s is obtained.  
Charmon has the most fascinating way of  
the body into what she calls "a true lover's



CAMBRIC AND VALENCIENNES.

Charmon is young and pretty, but nevertheless is an  
advocate of dress reform. She never wears corsets,  
thinks skirts are "horrid," and when compelled to be  
clothed in conventional garb sighs for the freedom of



A DAINY PARISIAN HOUSE-GOWN.

audience. It is then that she appears like a happy  
child, singing blithely as she swings on high, or de-  
scending to turn a few handsprings or back somer-  
sautes, pauses to extemporize a little dance. It is all  
fun and frolic to her. She refuses to acknowledge  
that the life is one of hardship.  
But Charmon is not yet twenty, and the world has  
treated her very kindly.

JANUARY LINGERIE.

JANUARY is a month which never fails to re-  
awaken the interest in pretty underwear which  
may have been dormant since the summer sun-  
shine passed away. This year the combinations of  
cambric and lace which the importers are exhibiting  
are more than usually artistic, as is indicated by the  
illustrations on this page.

Three garments have been selected from a particu-  
larly beautiful display made a few days since by a  
specialist in unique underwear, and these are repre-  
sentative of the season's styles. One of the  
daintiest pieces is a chemise of fine cambric with  
a deep yoke of Valenciennes lace. The fluffiness of  
this is balanced by the smooth plainness of the un-

der-bodice, which will not be affected by slender  
women. The latter garment is made up of vertical  
alternating lines of lace and linen.

The dimity house-robe also pictured in the illus-  
tration is one of the most graceful in cut that has ap-  
peared this year. It is an exact model of one re-  
cently made for a famous Parisian society woman.

PITTSBURG'S WOMAN ARCHITECT.

A YOUNG woman who draws plans for large build-  
ings, oversees the work of builders and gets as  
much money for her efforts as a man is Miss  
Elise Mercur, of Pittsburg. She comes from a promi-  
nent Pennsylvania family, being a niece of former  
Chief Justice Mercur, of the Pennsylvania State Su-  
preme Court.

Miss Mercur enjoys the distinction of being the only  
woman architect of prominence in the country. She  
designed the Woman's Building at the Atlanta Expo-  
sition, and is at present working on a \$50,000 addition  
to the Washington (Pa.) Female Seminary. She  
planned St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Pittsburg; St.  
Martin's Episcopal Church at Johnsonburg, Pa., and

FOR A PLUMP FIGURE.

also designed the children's building at the new Pitts-  
burg City poor farm.

To a representative of The World Miss Mercur said  
she "broke into" the architectural business by first

work, over-seeing and inspecting the laying of founda-  
tions, erecting buildings, &c. It is her custom when  
employed on a building to engage living quarters in  
the immediate vicinity and stay there during the  
progress of the work. As soon as the workmen on  
the building begin their labors Miss Mercur is on hand  
and personally sees almost every nail driven into the  
structure. In this way she acquires practical knowl-  
edge possessed by few male architects.

Miss Mercur is a specialist on heating, plumbing and  
ventilation. On this subject she delivered a lecture  
before the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn last winter.  
She frequently lectures before the Civic, Twentieth  
Century and other women's clubs of Pittsburg, trying  
to make women realize the importance of ventilation.  
If the women understand this science, she says, they  
will teach it to the men.

Miss Mercur has offices in the Times Building,  
Pittsburg, and employs three draughtsmen. She said:  
"It seemed to take naturally to the business. With my  
brothers I was educated abroad. After my father  
had lost a fortune and died I decided I would not be a  
burden on my brothers, and struck out for myself. I  
have all the work I can do. For doing men's work I  
always insist upon getting men's prices. I never ac-  
cept an assignment for less than 5 per cent. I never  
have any trouble. Contractors who have worked un-  
der me know that I won't stand any 'monkeying' and  
do not try to fool me with poor material, careless  
work, &c. While I am willing to do what is right, I  
generally make them live up to the specifications, and  
any work done improperly has to be gone over again.  
Women, you know, are harder to please than men,  
and this is the reason, I think, I find contractors ex-  
erting themselves to please me. They know I will  
not pass their work unless it is done properly."

Miss Clara Meade, of Chicago, has the contract for  
the erection of the female seminary addition at Wash-  
ington. She personally directs the work of her men on  
the building. It is an odd sight to see Miss Mercur  
and Miss Meade on the top of the building, one super-  
intending and the other over-seeing.

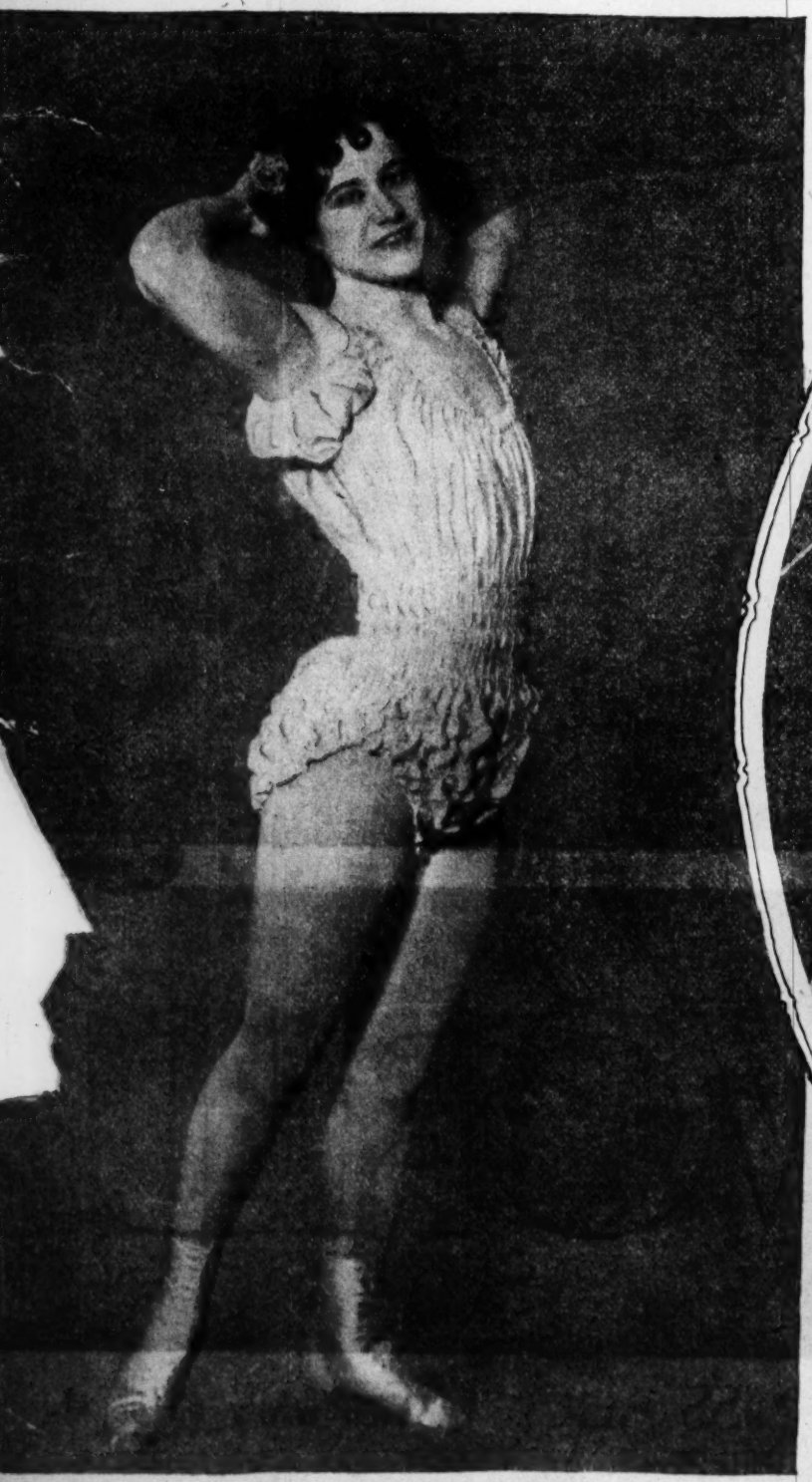
In most of the larger cities women are rapidly be-  
coming interested in the study of architecture, and  
Miss Mercur is probably a pioneer in a line where  
many will soon follow her. Any architect will admit



MISS ELISE MERCUR, ARCHITECT.  
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World.)

ing through mid-air holding on by her toes  
oman swings one foot free, doubles herself  
her arms about her legs and turns and  
income fashion at her audience, just as if  
easiest thing in the world.

CHARMION, THE GIRL TRAPEZE ARTIST, PERFORMS HER MOST WONDERFUL FEATS FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD.



IN REPOSE—OBSERVE HER MUSCLES.



THIS IS THE "TRUE LOVER'S KNOT."



SUPPORTING HER WEIGHT BY ONE HEEL.





**DIAMOND BOW WORN AS BROOCH.**  
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

### BESSIE CLAYTON, DANSEUSE.

WHEN Mrs. Mephistopheles whirls on the stage at Weber & Fields' Music Hall every night the spectator is dazzled by the rapidly revolving black and red draperies and by the flying feet of the dancer. It is a moment before one can realize that this brilliant bundle of confused animation is in fact a veritable girl, and no other than Bessie Clayton, the wonderful little dancer.

It is said, with some degree of justification for the expression, that there are brains in Miss Clayton's legs. They certainly do most marvellous things and fall with the utmost grace and dexterity into the most difficult poses known to the stage.

If Miss Clayton were not so finished and graceful a dancer she would obtain recognition as a contortionist. However, she uses her marvellous flexibility of muscle entirely in legitimate dancing, poses and steps.

Miss Clayton's "toe work" is said to be the best on the stage. She wears a soft satin slipper without the box toe usually used by ballet dancers. In fact, Miss Clayton can pose as easily on the tips of her toes without slippers as with them.

This dancer first became well known in New York during her engagement in "A Trip to Chinatown" at Hoyt's Theatre. She has appeared with great success in London, and is under contract at the Folies Bergeres, Paris.

Miss Clayton has a very pretty, immature little face. She is but nineteen years old and has danced all her life. She is what may be truthfully termed a "born dancer." She has never gone through the laborious and painful training common to most dancers who attain any degree of proficiency.

She says that she has never even suffered from the effects of toe-dancing, which usually leaves most painful results.

Miss Clayton is constantly busy inventing new dances, but needs scarcely any practice to keep in good condition. She dances as well after a month or two of rest as when she is in daily practice.

Bessie Clayton was married when little more than a child to Julian

Mitchell, the stage manager for Weber & Fields.

### HOLIDAY FADS IN JEWELRY.

When Santa Claus has made the rounds of all the fashionable stockings in New York society it was found that he had left behind him some of the most remarkable gifts that a stocking was ever known to hold. This is particularly true of the jewellers' boxes, which contained more wonderful bits of ornamentation than could easily be conceived. One of the most memorable was a diamond brooch in the form of a huge bow knot. Worn outside a stock, the stock itself is almost concealed, and the glittering bow knot obscures everything else in sight. But the young women who received it consider that it is the most appropriate thing in the world and delight in its massive glitter.

There is a new way of wearing the heart-shaped locket, also discovered by an inspection of Christmas presents. This is to suspend the locket on the end of a long pearl and gold chain, a beautiful thing in itself, and to attach the locket to the gown at the upper edge of the bodice. A costly trinket, but one which will do admirably as an heirloom some generations hence.

### BOSTON'S "EGYPTIAN PRINCESS."

(See article on opposite page.)

Mrs. Marie N. Buckman, Secretary for the United States of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has a most interesting personality. The students to whom she has delivered lectures at the Boston Art Museum have called her the "Egyptian Princess," which is a decidedly appropriate sobriquet. But this "Egyptian Princess" is a New England girl.

who is, however, beginning to make herself felt. At present she is doing more practical and efficient work for the Exploration Fund than any one else in America. Her office is at her home, No. 56 Temple street, Boston. She was appointed the Secretary of the society last October. She receives subscriptions and carries on the correspondence of the society, is one of the regular contributors to *Biblia*, the official American organ of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and in addition writes and speaks continually upon one phase or another of ancient Egyptian life.

Mrs. Buckman's classic features, her wonderful dark eyes, which glow with enthusiasm when she speaks; her well-formed brow, from which her heavy black hair is taken loosely back and fastened in a low, simple coil at the back of her head—all remind one of another age and climate. The Theosophists would certainly affirm that she had lived and learned in Egypt before being born again in this cold New England section of the world. Else why should she have such an instinctive passion for hieroglyphics, scarabs, mummies and broken statues, which most people pass by with an idea that they are merely dead, stupid and tiresome relics of an uninteresting and unrelated past? Why should she have preferred the water lily to all other flowers before she knew anything about the sacred lotus of Egypt?

"Mr. Buckman has considered my passion for hieroglyphics as a mild sort of lunacy," laughed Mrs. Buckman, with a pretty lifting of the eyebrows. "He has said that it always is for 'better or worse,' and the 'worse' in his case is apparently hieroglyphics. But he has become reconciled."

Mrs. Buckman was not trained to be a classical student. She did not have the treasures of Egypt thrust upon her. She gravitated toward them irresistibly. Her first glimpse into this ancient land, gained through following the wanderings of the children of Israel with her Sunday-school class of sixteen-year-old boys in Tremont Temple, fascinated her. She could not turn back. She went on to the threshold of Pharaoh's palace, she crossed it, and she took up her abode with the Egyptians, learning their modes of life and thought and viewing nature, art, literature and religion through their eyes. The word "Egypt" on a printed page at once riveted her attention. A glimpse of a bit of broken pottery with Egyptian decoration upon it aroused her interest. She did not know the language of the Egyptians, but the meaning of many inscriptions flashed upon her before she had patiently worked them out and deciphered them.

"Once become a disciple of Isis and there is no escape," said she to *The World* correspondent. The Egyptian department of the Art Museum be-

came her favorite resort, at once study and recreation-room. All her spare money went for books on Egypt. She says that she was a born student. Books were her playthings in childhood.

Mrs. Buckman is working very hard to increase the membership of the Exploration Fund. It is nearing the 1,000 mark in America. An American committee was organized a year ago to manage the business of the society in the United States. Antiquities from Egypt are to be equitably divided between England and America and equitably distributed in America, in proportion to subscriptions to the fund.

### THREE REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH WOMEN.

A more representative group of young English women than those whose most recent photographs are given on this page it would be hard to find. Miss Cornwallis West, Miss Mildred Wilson and Lady Rossmore are among the most prominent and the most charming of the budding generation of English society women. Miss West belongs to one of the best-known families in England and possesses much of the charm which made her mother one of the leading beauties of her time, the rival of Mrs. Langtry, Lady Brooke and other famous beauties. Mrs. Cornwall-



**HOW TO WEAR A GOLDEN LOCKET.**  
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)



MISS CORNWALLIS WEST.



MISS MILDRED WILSON.

### THREE PROMINENT WOMEN IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.



LADY ROSSMORE.

is West is an woman, daughter of Olivia Fitzpatrick, displays all the pig and mischief of her—delightful qualities herit, and Miss laughing face show she has not missed Miss West, howe hardly so "new" as her mother, w been known to e for her husband a political campaign who, when necessa make a very clew telling speech a platform. Her tongue is never amusingly shown when she is engag wordy conflict wi his husband who large ticularly fearfull. The mo Cornwal versation more her tates and stann Miss Mildred who is a very at dignified young is shown in her tion gown, with detail of her lac feathers arrange clesly as it was first entrance". American girls m and envy. Lady Rossmor faithfully a coliffure i sacred by long-contin known as one of th gowned women in land. Her costum always in the most proachable taste.



BESSIE CLAYTON ILLUSTRATES HER MARVELLOUS DANCE  
(From photographs taken by the

OF "MRS. MEPHISTOPAELES" FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD.  
(Sunday World's photographer.)



# STUDIES IN OUTLINE AND DRAPERY.

SHOWN IN THREE  
REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

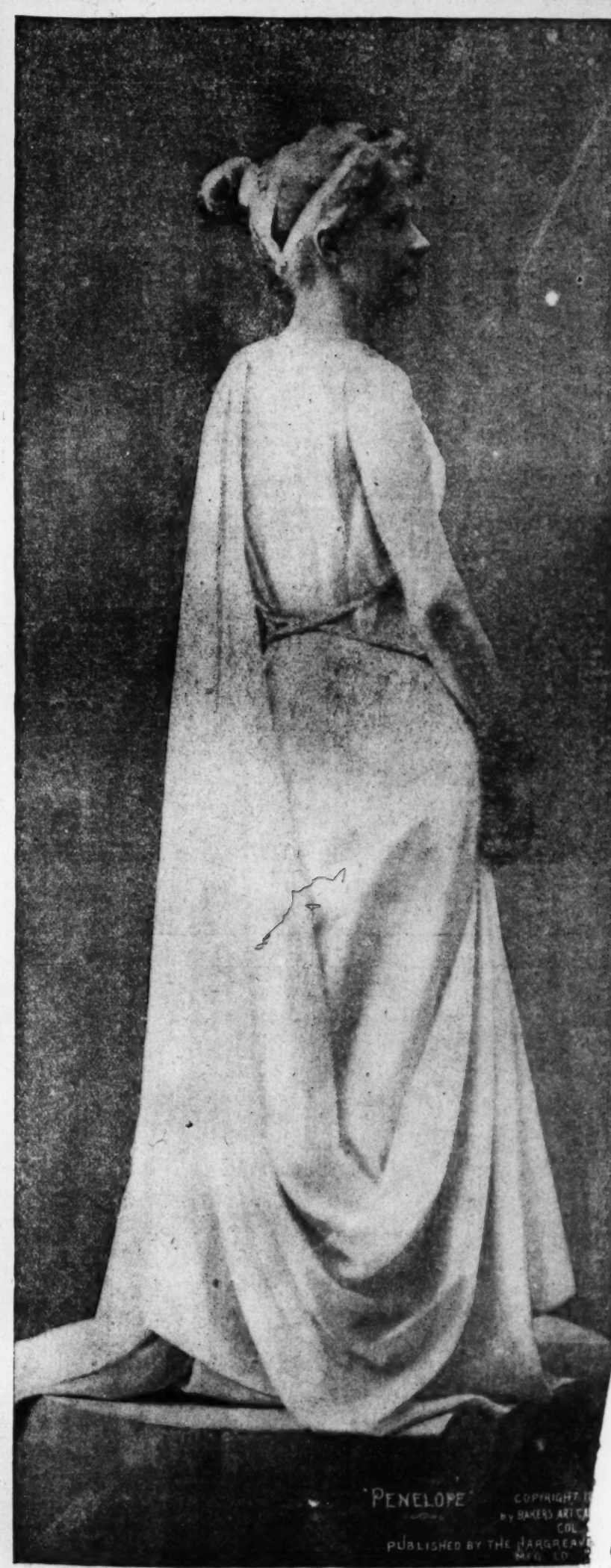


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A. STUDY...



IN HARVEST-TIME



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